

THE
DUENNA:
OR, THE
DOUBLE ELOPEMENT.

A
COMIC OPERA.

AS IT IS PERFORMED

AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

COVENT-GARDEN.

DUBLIN:

PRINTED IN THE YEAR MECCCLXXXVII.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

M E N.

Don Ferdinand,	Mr. MATTOCKS.
Don Isaac Mendoza,	Mr. QUICK.
Don Jerome,	Mr. EDWIN.
Lopez,	Mr. WEWITZER.
Father Paul,	Mr. MAHON.
Don Carlos,	Mr. BRETT.
Don Antonio,	Mr. RHEINHOLD.

W O M E N.

Donna Louisa.	Mrs MARTYR.
Donna Clara,	Miss HARPER.
Duenna,	Mrs WEBB.

Friars, Masks, and Servants, &c.



T H E
D U E N N A.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Don Jerome's House at Night.

Enter Lopez, with a Lantern.

Lop. **W**ELL, surely, this is the hardest task in nature, to serve a man so far gone in love.—Why, my master neither eats, drinks, nor sleeps; and here I am obliged to attend him, night and day, in the charming amusements of fasting and waking:—This may be pleasant to a lover; but as I am not one of the fighting gentry, I could wish for a more substantial entertainment.—At this rate, we shall make a black Lent of the whole year;—my cheeks are already thinner than parchment, and my jaws, for want of proper use, are almost lock'd:—This master of mine is—but, here he comes.

Enter Ferdinand.

Ferd. Well, firrah, what are you doing here? Did I not order you home?—

Lop. I was thinking, sir, if you would but be persuaded to go home, lay down, and take a little bit of a nap—if it was but by way of novelty, it—

Ferd. Who bid you think, rascal? Begone! and let me no longer be troubled with your impertinence.

Lop. Impertinence! Dear sir, consider my melancholy condition; and, if you will indulge any passion, pray let it be compassion for the hollow sound of my stomach—

Ferd. Peace, cormorant! Thou hast not an idea beyond the gross sensations of eating.

Lop. I confess the charge, and heartily wish it more substantial than mere idea——

Ferd. No more, dolt! You shall fast and wake as long as I please;—so begone home, as you fear correction. [Exit Ferdinand.]

Lop. There he goes! Love has taken full possession of his brain; and untill he comes to his sober senses, I shall have neither food nor rest.—Plague of all your fine sensations I say. [Exit.]

S C E N E II.

Enter Antonio, Ferdinand, & gentlemen, *with guitars, & mask'd; who approach under Louisa's window.*

S E R E N A D E.

Ant. Tell me, my lute, can thy fond strain
So gently speak thy master's pain,
So softly sing, so humbly sigh,
That—tho' my sleeping love shall know
Who sings—Who sighs below,—
Her rosy slumber shall not fly.

Thus may some vision whisper more
Than ever I durst speak before!

Ferd. 'Tis all in vain, Antonio; Louisa will not hear you; and, if she does, 'twill be to little purpose.

Ant. I am not of your opinion, Ferdinand; a sincere and tender lover should never shrink at a faint repulse: if she is within hearing, I doubt not to convince you of your error.

A I R.

Ant. The breath of morn bids hence the night;
Unveil those beauteous eyes, my fair;
For, till the dawn of love is there,
I feel no day—I own no light.

[After the Song Louisa appears at her window.]

A I R.

Lou. Waking, I heard thy numbers chide,
Waking, the dawn did bless my sight:
'Tis Phoebus sure that woos, I cry'd,
Who speaks in song, who moves in light.

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[Don Jerome *above*—*opens his window.*]

A I R. T R I O.

Jer. What vagabonds are these I hear.

Fiddling, fluting, rhyming ranting,

Piping, scraping, whining, canting?

Fly, scurvy minstrels, fly!

Lou. Nay, prithee, father, why so rough?

Ant. An humble lover I!

Jer. How durst you, daughter, lend an ear

To such deceitful stuff?

Quick from the window, fly!

Lou. Adieu, Antonio! *Ant.* Must you go?

A & L. We soon, perhaps, may meet again;

For tho' hard fortune is our foe,

The God of love will fight for us.—

Jer. Reach me the blunderbuss!

A & L. The God of love who knows our pain.

Jer. Hence, or these slugs are through your brain.

S C E N E III. *Chamber in Don Jerome's House.*

Enter Don Jerome and Louisa.

Jer. 'Tis well the caterwauling puppy made his escape:—a minute more, and I would have made a riddle of his callicoe carcase.

Lou. Why, fir, should his honourable love subject him to such cruel treatment?

Jer. Honourable love! and cruel treatment!—fine romantic babble, truly!—But I'll make you know fighting, whining madam, that you are a daughter, born to obey, and I a father, born to command,—absolute in power, and shrewd in discernment:—so, no more tricks, d'ye hear?— [Exit into the House.

S C E N E IV. *Street.*

Enter Ferdinand and Antonio.

Ant. Nay, prithee don't be grave, Ferdinand—I have my perplexities; yet bear up against them.

Ferd. I am the most unfortunate of all men living,
Antonio——

Ant. What is the matter ?—Has Clara and you had any difference ?

Ferd. I am on the rack !—she is so much displeased, that I know not if ever I shall see her again.

Ant. What has she taken ill ?——You must have been much to blame ; for Clara is all gentleness.

Ferd. Indeed I found it was impossible to attempt seeing her, the father kept so watchful an eye :——so that I attempted to bribe her maid ; which succeeded to my wish, and she conveyed me to her apartment.

Ant. A gallant youth, upon my word !——And, then, I'll be sworn you took some liberty that has shocked her delicacy.—Tell me, did you dare to take her hand ?

Ferd. Most assuredly I did.

Ant. And did you presume to trespass on a kiss, without her consent ?

Ferd. A kiss ! I ravished a dozen from her——

Ant. And can you wonder at her displeasure !

Ferd. Not in the least : but I am distracted in having lost her.

A I R.

Ferd. Could I the faults remember,
Forgetting ev'ry charm,
Soon would impartial Reason
The tyrant Love disarm :
But when enrag'd I number
Each failing of her mind,
Love still suggests her Beauty,
And sees, while Reason's blind.

Ferd. Antonio, you were once fond of Clara : how stands your affections now ?

Ant. Your sister now possesses all my soul.—I once thought Clara had charms ; but the coldness and neglect with which she treated me, recalled my heart to its wonted state of indifference.

A I R.

Ant. I ne'er could any lustre see
In eyes that would not look on me :
I ne'er saw nectar on a lip,
But where my own did hope to sip.
Has the maid who seeks my heart
Cheeks of rose untouch'd by art ?——
I will own the colour true,
When yielding blushes aid their hue:
Is her hand so soft and pure ?——
I must press it to be sure :
Nor can I e'en be certain then,
'Till it grateful press again.
Must I, with attentive eye,
Watch her heaving bosom sigh ?
I will do so—when I see
That heaving bosom sigh for me,

Ferd. I'll do all in my power to assist your suit with my sister :—but, I charge you not to attempt running away with her.—You shall have my interest as far as that can serve you.

Ant. Would not you, Ferdinand, run away with Clara, if she would consent ?

Ferd. I must confess I should not hesitate : but, you will allow, we never do by other men's wives and daughters, as we wish they should do by our's.

Ant. You need be under no uneasiness, on my account, in respect to Clara.

A I R.

Ant. Friendship is the bond of reason ;
But, if beauty disapprove,
Heav'n absolves all other treason,
In the heart that's true to love.
The faith, which to my friend I swore,
As a civil oath I view :
But to the charms which I adore,
'Tis religion to be true.

Then if to one I false must be ;
 Can I doubt which to prefer—
 A breach of social faith with thee,
 Or sacrilege to love and her. [*Exit Ant.*

Ferd. Sure Antonio has no lurking passion for Clara. And, yet, methinks, this change may be all pretence: for who that has ever loved her can cease to do so—But from his try'd sincerity, how can I doubt his friendship?

A I R.

Ferd. Tho' cause for suspicion appears,
 Yet proofs of her love too are strong :—
 I'm a wretch, if I'm right in my fears,
 And unworthy her smiles if I'm wrong.
 What heart-breaking torments from jealousy flow
 Ah ! none but the jealous—the jealous can know !
 When blest with the smiles of my fair,
 I know not how much I adore ;
 These smiles let another but share,
 And I wonder I priz'd them no more.
 Then whence can I hope a relief from her woe,
 When the falser she seems, still the fonder I grow !

SCENE, V. *Chamber in Don Jerome's House.*

Enter Louisa and Duenna.

Duen. Are you still determined, my dear miss, to take so rash a step ?—Are you really so fond of Antonio, as to marry him without a fortune ? I fear you will hereafter repent, and reflect on the imprudence of your choice.

A I R.

Lou. Thou can'st not boast of fortune's store,
 My love ! while me they wealthy call ;
 But I was glad to find thee poor—
 For, with my heart I'll give thee all.
 And then the grateful youth shall own,
 I lov'd him for himself alone.

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But, when his worth my hand shall gain,
No word or look of mine shall show;
That I the smallest thought retain
Of what my bounty did bestow:
Yet still his grateful heart shall own,
I lov'd him for himself alone.

Duen. Indeed, Louisa, I overheard your father say, you should marry little Isaac the Jew to-morrow morning:—Now, if we succeed in our plot, you shall give him up to me entirely.

Lou. O yes, with all my heart!—But have you gained the maid to my interest?—My brother Ferdinand has promised his assistance.

Duen. All is as you wish.—But I must have Antonio's last letter:—that must be the cause of his suspicion; and leave the rest to me.

Lou. There it is; [*gives a letter*] and I wish you success with all my heart.

Enter Don Jerome and Ferdinand.

Jer. What is all this scraping, fiddling, and serenading for?—I desire I may have no more of it.—And what have you been about, sir?—disturbing some honest family in the same manner, I suppose! Louisa, to-morrow, child, I have determined you shall marry Isaac Mendoza; and then—

Lou. O, sir, do not make me miserable!—

Jer. Any thing more?

Lou. Sir, he's a Jew—

Jer. That's a mistake; for he has changed his religion these six weeks.—Any thing more?

Lou. Sir, he's a Portuguese.

Jer. That's another mistake; for he has forsworn his country.—Any thing more?

Lou. Sir, he has, to me, the greatest fault that ever a man had.

Jer. Hey-day!—What's that pray?

Lou. He is my aversion.

B

Jer.

Jer. Louisa, I care not: I know he loves you, and has the money. The best experiment in nature, to obtain good fruit, is to graft on a crab.—You know My wife and I lived very happy: yet there was no love between us, and we expected none; therefore were not disappointed:—and, the poor woman, when, she died, I was so sorry, that I did not care if she had lived. I wish every man in Spain could say as much. And now, sir, if you have any more advice to give your sister, about disobedience to her father, be brief; for I intend to lock her up in her room, and will not see her face, till she returns to her duty.

Ferd. Sir, for my sister's sake, I cannot help speaking—

Jer. Then, sir, for my sake, hold your tongue.

[*Exit Ferdinand.*]

[*Don Jerome locks up Louisa, and, returning, meets the Duenna.*]

Jer. So, madam, have I found you out!—Here's a witch! engaged in Antonio's interest. How did you dare to encourage such a piece of mischief?

Duen. Well, and if I am in Antonio's interest, I am not ashamed to own it; for I always delighted in the tender passions—

Jer. In the tender passions! O, you old piece of iniquity, you are an antidote to all the tender passions—Get out of my house, this moment, out of my house, I say!—you, that I took into my house to be a scare-crow, to become a decoy duck!—Get along! you old piece of iniquity!

Duen. Well, sir, I don't want to stay in your house; but I must go and look up my wardrobe.

Jer. Your wardrobe! When you came into my house, you could carry your ward-robe in your comb-case, you could, you old dragon!

Duen. And my veil, too—I hope you would not have me go without my veil.

Jer. Your veil! you can't go without a veil, indeed!—I suppose you are afraid of your beauty. Well,

go

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go along and get your veil, you old devil: [*He lets the Duenna in to Louisa.*] A fine story indeed! if parents are to be disobeyed on account of love, liking, beauty, and such nonsense:—But, as my father made me marry to please him, without caring twopence for my bride; so, my daughter shall marry to please me, tho' age, deformity, and avarice should be my choice.

A I R.

If a daughter you have, she's the plague of your life:
No peace shall you know—tho' you've buried your wife:
At twenty she mocks at the duty you taught her;
O! what a plague is an obstinate daughter!

Sighing and whining!

Dying and pining!

O! what a plague is an obstinate daughter!

When scarce in their teens, they have wit to perplex us,
With letters and lovers for ever they vex us;
While each still rejects the fair suitor you've brought
her;

Wrangling and jangling!

Flouting and pouting!

O! what a plague is an obstinate daughter!

Jer. So, madam, you have got your veil:—now march off: and, if you please, I'll see you clear of my house.—There, go—go to Antonio!—go to him;—and, do you hear?—since he has got you turned out of a good place, he had better make you amends, by taking you home with himself. [*Exit Don Jerome.*]

SCENE VI. Town.

Enter Louisa, who peeps through her veil.

Lou. Good bye to you, sir.

[*Laughing.*]

Enter Clara and Maid. [*Louisa sees them and retires.*]

Maid. Well, madam, what steps do you intend to pursue, now that you have escap'd from your father?

Cl. My intention is to visit the convent of St. Catharine's; and, perhaps, he-easter take the veil. Ferdinand has so much offended me, that I cannot forgive him.

Len. [*Coming forward.*] Now, I have left my father's house, I don't know where to go:—if I knew—
Ha! who's here?—methinks it should be Clara.

Cl. That must be Louisa. [*Both lifting up their veils.*

Len. Clara!

Cl. Louisa!

Len. Clara, I am ashamed to inform you what I have done—your good sense will certainly condemn my conduct.

Cl. Tell me, my dear; I am your friend, and you may trust me.

Len. To be plain, then, my dear Clara, I have elop'd from my father's House.

Cl. Indeed, Louisa, I should be angry at so mad an action, but that I have just now committed the same offence.

Len. And, how do you intend to avoid the search of your family?

Cl. I am going to the convent of St. Catharine's—My father's severity is past all bearing;—and your brother has so much offended me, that I shall never forgive him.

A I R.

Cl. When sable night each drooping plant restoring,
Wept o'er the flower her breath did cheer,
As some sad widow o'er her babe deplores,
Wakes its beauty with a tear.

When all did sleep, whose weary hearts could borrow

One hour from love and care to rest—

Lo! as I press'd my couch in silent sorrow,
My lover caught me to his breast!

He vow'd he came to save me,
From those that wou'd enslave me;
Then kneeling,
Kisses stealing,
Endless faith he swore!

But

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But soon I chid him thence,
For, had his fond pretence
Obtain'd one favour then——
And had he press'd again,
I fear'd my treach'rous heart might grant him more!

Clara. Where is Antonio? Is he not the partner of your flight?

Leon. No; nor is he acquainted with my intention. My father cruelly insisted I should marry Isaac the Jew to-morrow: this extraordinary command has compelled me to this disagreeable step. Oh, yonder goes my brother, with the very man my father intended I should marry.

Clara. Won't it be dangerous if he sees you?

Leon. No, my dear, he never saw me; but his frequent visits to my father's, made him shew his odious figure very often before my window, from whence he was shewn to me.

Clara. He comes this way: I'll leave you: (*going*)—But, Louisa, when you see your brother, be sure you don't tell him that I am gone to the convent of St. Catharine's, two doors down, on the right hand side of the piazza.

Leon. Oh, you may depend on it, I will tell him where you may not be found: (*going*.) But my dear friend, will you allow me to make use of your name, as I may find occasion.

Clara. With all my heart;—any thing in my power you may command. [*Exit. Clara.*]

Enter Isaac.

Isa. Ay, ay!—there's no doubt this little figure of mine will soon captivate the heart of Don Guzman's daughter. But who have we here?—a pretty girl, faith!—how she eyes me: [*she approaches*] ay, ay! she is certainly struck with my dress and figure: and I don't wonder at it;—I have some reason to think they are particularly striking.

Leon. Sir, you servant:—good stranger, I hope you will

will excuse this liberty ;—I have a favour to request of you. ———

Isa. I am sorry for you young woman ;—but I am positively engaged ———

Lou. But, sir, you don't seem to understand me——

Isa. I can't make you any honourable proposals ;—and, if I was to offer any thing else, I suppose you have some good-natured brother, or cousin, that would run me through the guts. You have no hopes, child ;——I am sorry for you.

Lou. It is not your person I solicit ; I have no ambition of that kind ; my suit is of a very different nature : To be plain with you, sir, I am told you are acquainted with Signor Antonio—if it is not too much trouble, and you will lend your pity to a stranger, please to direct him to me.

Isa. Oh,—then 'tis not me you're fond of ?——

Lou. You ! no indeed :——

Isa. Why, then, I must tell you, that you are a little confident, self-sufficient minx, and not the person I took you for.——But, pray, young woman, what is your name ?

Lou. Clara, sir, Don Guzman's daughter. I have left my father's house in pursuit of my lover ; who, as yet, knows nothing of the matter.

Isa. Hum !—this may turn to my advantage ;—for Louisa, I know, is fond of Antonio, and, if she should be jealous of Clara she will then consent to marry me, in revenge for Antonio's falsehood. [*aside.*] Well miss, to shew you my good nature, I'll forgive you the affront you offered me ; I will endeavour to find your lover, and send him to you immediately. In the mean time, here comes a friend of mine I can confide in : he will take care of you while I look for Antonio.

Enter Carlos.

Isa. Carlos, this is a young lady, whose lover I am going in search of : you will take her to my lodgings, till I find him.—Be sure you take particular care of her.

Lou.

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Lou. Oh, sir, now that you are acquainted with my situation, sure you won't deceive me:—if you do, it will render me miserable!——

Car. Well said, female politician.

A I R.

Car. Had I a heart for falsehood fram'd,
I ne'er could injure you:
For tho' your tongue no promise claim'd,
Your charms would make me true.

To you no soul shall bear deceit,
No stranger offer wrong;
For, friends in all the ag'd you'll meet,
And brothers in the young.

But when they learn that you have blest,
Another with your heart,
They'll bid astring passions rest,
And act a brother's part.

Then, lady, dread not here deceit,
Nor fear to suffer wrong;
For friends in all the ag'd you'll meet,
And brothers in the young.

D U E T T.

Isa. My mistress expects me, and I must go to her,
Or how can I hope for a smile?

Lou. Soon may you return a prosperous wooer;
But think what I suffer the while!

Alone and away from the man that I love,
In strangers I'm forc'd to confide.

Isa. Dear lady, my friend you may trust, and he'll prove
Your servant, protector, and guide.

A I R.

Car. Gentle maid, ah! why suspect me?
Let me serve thee——then reject me.
Can'st thou trust—and I deceive thee?
Art thou sad——and shall I grieve thee?
Gentle maid, ah! why suspect me?
Let me serve thee——then reject me.

T R I O

T R I O.

Lou. Never may'st thou happy be,
If in aught thou'rt false to me!

Car. Never may I happy, &c.

Isa. Never may he, &c.

Isa. I am sure my good friend will do all in his power to amuse you, 'till I find Antonio, and send him to you—I must on another errand. [*Exeunt.*]

A C T II. S C E N E I.

Parlour in Don Jerome's House.

Enter Don Jerome and Isaac, meeting.

Jer. **A**H! little Isaac, I rejoice to see thee—I have been—thinking of thee, and have been planning for thy happiness.

Isa. Don Jerome, you are too good to me; and I am very much obliged to you. I dare say you thought me tardy in my visit: but a circumstance has detained me, which I will inform you of. Your neighbour, Don Guzman's daughter, is run away from her father: I met her in my way hither; and she sent me to seek Antonio. You see I can keep a secret.

Jer. Ah, Isaac, see when my daughter will serve me such a trick.—I am wiser than them all.—I have lock'd her up, to make sure of her.

Isa. And see when my mistress will serve me so.—My aunt always called me wise little Solomon; let Isaac alone; he's a cunning little dog; a little roguish, now and then, in money matters; but keen, devilish keen!—I will send Antonio to her; in which case he will be no longer my rival with Louisa.—Ay, ay, I am devilish keen:—But, what hopes of success have I with your fair daughter?

Jer. Why, indeed, she is like all her sex—a little perverse:—but I have lock'd her up, and I have sworn never

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never to see her more, 'till she is obedient to my commands;—and, to-morrow, Isaac, I intend you shall marry her. Oh! she is a beautiful creature.

Isa. I do not doubt it. Please, sir, to give me a description of her.

Jer. With all my heart—Let me see now—Her eyes are like diamonds of the first water;—

Isa. Diamonds of the first water; that's very good: But I had much rather they were real diamonds. [*aside*

Jer. Her skin is like the purest dimity;—her teeth are even, and whiter and better enamelled than elephant's, and her voice is like a Virginian Nightingale; and, as for dimples—hold, hold; dimples did I say? No, she has but one dimple; but I defy you to tell which is the prettiest, the cheek that has the dimple, or the cheek that has not the dimple: then her chin;—she has a lovely down on her chin, like the down of a peach.

Isa. Lord! Lord! I am afraid I shall be overpowered with her beauty; and I should not care to be in love with any thing but her money:—but for my part, I don't much mind whether handsome or otherwise.

A I R.

Isa. Give Isaac the nymph who no beauty can boast,
But health and good-humour to make her his toast;
If straight, I don't mind whether slender or fat,
At six feet, or four—we'll ne'er quarrel for that.

Whate'er her complexion, I vow I don't care;
If brown it is lasting—more pleasing if fair:
And, tho' in her cheeks I no dimples should see,
Let her smile—and each dell is a dimple to me.

Let her locks be the reddest that ever were seen,
And her eyes—may be e'en any colour but green;
For in eyes, tho' so various the lustre and hue,
I swear I've no choice—only let her have two.

'Tis true I'd dispense with a throne on her back,
And white teeth I own are genteeler than black,

A little round chin too's a beauty I've heard,
But I only desire—that she mayn't have a beard.

Jer. There! there! go your ways to her: that way leads to her chamber;—the maid will conduct you to the apartment.

I/a. I must confess, I feel a little bashful—How should I address her?—Do you think she will be struck with my figure?

Jer. You a lover!—and ask that question—let me instruct you—

A I R.

Jer. When the maid whom we love

No Intreaties can move,

Who'd lead a life of pining?

If her charms will excuse

The fond rashness you use,

—Away with idle whining!

Ne'er stand like a fool,

With looks sheepish and cool;

—Such bashful love is teasing:

But with spirit address,

And you're sure of success;

For honest warmth is pleasing.

Nay, tho' wedlock's in view,

Like a rake if you'll woo,

Girls sooner quit their coldness:

They know beauty inspires,

Less respect than desires—

Hence love is prov'd by boldness—

So ne'er stand like a fool, &c.

[Exit Don Jerome.]

SCENE II. Chamber.

I/a. Hark! I thought I heard her!—No; it was only my fears!—Lord! she must be a most beautiful and enchanting creature!—I think I hear the rattling of silks:—it must be she.—O, here she comes.—

Enter

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Enter Duenna dressed like Louisa.

Duen. Sir, your servant—

Isa. Your servant, madam—

Duen. My papa has informed me, sir, that you are the gentleman who has kindly professed a partiality for me.—Will you please to sit down, sir?

Isa. Madam, I hope—I hope, madam—[*advances slowly towards the chair.*] O law!—[*Duenna advancing to the chair.*] I don't know what to say. [Sees her]. Zounds! what a witch!

Duen. What's the matter, sir?—you appear frighten'd.

Isa. No, madam, I'm oblig'd to you.—Zounds! is this the bit of dimity he told me of?—But, as long as she has money enough, I'll try to reconcile her looks. [aside.]

Duen. I hope you are not ill. sir?—

Isa. Only a little surpriz'd, madam:—your beauty has overcome me.—Yes she has the down upon her chin, sure enough. [aside.]

Duen. Do, pray sit down, sir:—you'll wonder at my condescension, sir;—but I was informed you was the poorest little diminutive wretch;—that you was ill made, yellow-faced, snub-nos'd;—instead of which I find you so genteel, so well-bred, that I protest I am quite charm'd with you;—

Isa. There is something very pretty in the tone of her voice.

Duen. You are really so captivating, that I am quite delighted with you,—so much that maiden modesty gives way to the striking proportion of your person;—

Isa. Faith, now I look at her again, she is not quite so ugly [drawing nearer.] Will you pardon me, madam, if I salute you? [kisses her]—Faugh!—a man might as well kiss a hedgehog. [aside.]

Duen. But, sir, you must pardon me,—you should get rid of that filthy beard: I protest it is like an artichoke—

Isa. Why, as you say, miss, the razor would not be amiss

amiss—for either of us. [*aside*].—But, I am told you have a sweet voice, miss,—will you please to favour me with a song—by way of passing the time?

Duen. My papa, sir, is afraid to trust me even with my music-master; and I have not practised for some time:—But, I'll try. [*Endeavours to sing, but screams.*]

Isa. Very like a Virginian nightingale!—[*aside.*]

Duen. I'm very hoarse, sir.

Isa. Oh, pray, miss, don't trouble yourself to sing any more: I hear you are very hoarse:—but, perhaps, if you took it lower, it would not oblige you to make such very wry faces.

Duen. I have a very great cold, sir;—but to please so accomplished a gentleman, I'll endeavour to recollect my last new words.

A I R.

Duen. When a tender maid
Is first assay'd
By some admiring swain,
How her blushes rise,
If she meets his eyes,
While he unfolds his pain!

If he takes her hand—she trembles quite!
Touch her lips—and she swoons outright.

While a pit-a-pat, &c.
Her heart avows her fright.

But in time appear,
Fewer signs of fear;
The youth she boldly views:
If her hand he grasp,
Or her bosom clasp,
No mantling blush ensues!

Then to church well-pleas'd the lovers move,
While her smiles her contentment prove;

And a pit-a-pat, &c.
Her heart avows her love!

Isa.

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Isa. Well, miss Louisa, may I hope for the happiness of calling you mine, to-morrow?—It is your father's desire, and what I most ardently wish for—

Duen. One thing promised, and I shall freely consent.—As my father treated me with such severity, I made a vow never to receive a husband from his hands: but, if you will obtain the key of the garden-gate, under pretence of our walking, I will elope from thence with you.

Isa. [*pausing.*] In that case, I shall not be obliged to make any settlement on her—[*aside.*] Yes, miss, I will endeavour to prevail upon your father, as I am very much in his good graces.

Enter Carlos.

Car. Well said, friend Isaac—I see you are a brisk, and I hope a thriving wooer.

Isa. As to that, thriving enough;—but——

Duen. What does he say, Mr. Isaac?

Isa. I am so puzzled, I don't know what to say—Do, for heaven's sake, say or sing something to please her:

Car. I'll strive to please you both—She is very tenacious of her beauty——

Isa. I don't doubt it:—She has a damn'd deal of it; and she ought to hold it fast.

A I R.

Car. Ah, sure a pair was never seen,
So justly form'd to meet by nature!

The youth excelling so in mien,

The maid in ev'ry grace of feature!

O, how happy are such lovers,

When kindred beauties each discovers!

For surely she

Was made for thee,

And thou to bless this lovely creature!

So mild your looks, your children thence,
Will early learn the task of duty,

The

The boys with all their father's sense,
 The girls with all their mother's beauty;
 O, how happy to inherit
 At once such graces and such spirit!
 Thus, while you live,
 May fortune give—
 Each blessing—equal to your merit!

Isa. Carlos, I thank thee. Now, miss, I'll wait upon your father, and obtain the key.

Duen. Before you don't tell my papa how complying I have been.

Isa. O, you may depend, miss, upon my prudence.—Such a damn'd piece of conceit and ugliness I never saw in my life. [*aside*] [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE III. Chamber.

Enter Don Jerome and Isaac.

Jer. Well, Isaac, what reception did you meet with?—Is she not a fine girl?—She has her grandfather's lip to a hair.

Isa. Aye, and her grandfather's chin to a hair. [*aside.*]

Jer. Well, Isaac, what reception did you meet with? How did my daughter behave?

Isa. Why, better than I thought:—But, pray, how old may your daughter be?

Jer. Let me see:—twelve and eight—ay—is just twenty.

Isa. Then I'll venture to say, she is the oldest looking girl of her age in the kingdom—Why zounds! she might pass for my grandmother:—and as to her skin, that you told me was like the purest dimity, by this light, it is downright nankeen.—And then, her teeth being white—why, they're as black as a coal; where one is ivory, its neighbour is pure ebony, alternately black and white, like the keys of an harpsichord:—Her voice, too, you told me, was like a Virginian Nightingale; why, it is like a crack'd warming pan:—And, as for dimples!—To be sure she has the devil's

The DOUBLE ELOPEMENT. 23

devil's own dimples! Yes! and you told me she had a lovely down upon her chin, like the down of a peach;—but, damme, if ever I saw such down upon any human creature in my life, except once upon an old goat.

Jer. What, sir! do you mean to insult me, and abuse my daughter that is allowed to be the handsomest girl in all Spain!—But I suppose you want to be off from the match.

Isa. What the devil shall I say now?—Why then, seriously, Don Jerome, do you think your daughter handsome?

Jer. The finest girl in all Spain!—

Isa. Lord! Lord! How partial some parents are to their children!—Then, since you provoke me to speak, she's a downright witch—

Enter Ferdinand.

Fer. Hey day!—You seem to be upon odd terms, for a father and son-in-law.

Jer. What's that to you, you jack-an-ape's!

Isa. He looks plaguy angry with me. I believe I had better draw in my horns, or I shan't have his bit of dimity. [*aside.*]

A I R.

Isa. Believe me, good sir, I ne'er meant to offend,
My mistress I love, and I value my friend:
To win her and wed her is still my request,
For better for worse—and I swear I don't jest.

Jer. Zounds! you'd best not provoke me, my rage is so high.

Isa. Hold him fast I beseech you, his rage is so high,
Good sir, you're too hot, and this place I must fly:

Jer. You're a knave and a sot, and this place had best fly.

Isa. You are in such a passion now:—[*going to him*]
Did you think I was in earnest?—I was but jesting all the while.—You're so hasty, Don Jerome;—I had only a mind to joke a little; that was all, upon my honour!

Jer.

Jer. Then you was not in earnest;—Zounds! I thought you were in earnest;—But I can forgive a joke as well as any one:—but, take care how you carry your jokes so far: for I was near being in a bit of a passion. Come, get some wine here; and that will drown all animosities.

A I R. T R I O.

Don Jerome, Isaac, and Ferdinand.

A bumper of good liquor,
Will end a contest quicker,
Than Justice, judge, or vicar:
So fill a chearful glass,
And let good humour pass.

But if more deep the quarrel,
Why sooner drain the barrel,
Than be the hateful fellow,
That's crabbed when he's mellow.
A bumper, &c.

S C E N E IV. *Street.*

Isaac and Antonio, meeting.

Isa. Good day, *Antonio*:—I am glad to have met you: I have been in pursuit of you.

Ant. I am happy you have found me. What is your business with me, *Isaac*?

Isa. Only a little love affair:—that's all—*Clara* is run away from her father, *Don Guzman*, and has laid her commands upon me to bring you to her—You have no objection, I hope, sir:—a very fine girl!—

Ant. Two things forbid it:—friendship and honour. *Clara*, *Don Guzman's* daughter!—It cannot be me she sent for.

Isa. Oh, damn your friendship and honour—Go to her.—I say it was you she sent for, and go you must. She is all impatience, and waiting at *Don Carlos's* lodgings.—Come, come, and I'll conduct you to her.

Ant. Well, I'll go to her.—Possibly I may be able to
serve

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serve her, with regard to my friend Ferdinand. [*aside.*]
—Lead on, Isaac, and I'll follow.

I/a. Methinks you are devilish loath to visit a pretty wench.—If she had sent for me, I should have taken pity on her instantly. *Exeunt.*

SCENE V. Chamber.

Enter Louisa.

A I R.

Lou. What bard, O Time, discover,
With wings first made thee move!
Ah! sure he was some lover
Who ne'er had left his love!
For who that once did prove
The pangs which absence brings,
Tho' but one day
He were away,
Could picture thee with wings?
What bard, &c.

Enter Carlos.

Lou. What has detained you so long?—Where is Antonio?

Car. I have been in search of him, but without success: Isaac is now in pursuit of him.

Lou. Cruel, cruel, man!—You was never in love; else you would not sport with the anxiety of a tender heart! [*Carlos sighs.*] But, was you, Carlos, was you ever in love?

Car. I was, Louisa?

Lou. And, was your mistress true?

Car. Oh! had she been always so I had been happy!

A I R.

Car. Oh, had my love ne'er smil'd on me,
I ne'er had known such anguish;
But, think how false, how cruel she,
To bid me cease to languish;

D

To

To bid me hope her hand to gain,
 Breathe on a flame half-perish'd,
 And then, with cold and fix'd disdain,
 To kill the hope she cherish'd!

Not worse his fate—who, on a wreck
 That drove as winds did blow it——
 Silent had left the shatter'd deck
 To find a grave below it:
 Then land was cried—no more resign'd,
 He glow'd with joy to hear it,
 —Not worse his fate—his woe to find
 The wreck must sink e'er near it.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Two gentlemen below, sir.

Lou. Antonio and Isaac, no doubt. We'll retire a moment, to see Antonio's surprize. Let us step into this room. *[Goes to the door of the scene.]*

Enter Antonio, Isaac, and Servant.

Isa. Where is Clara? I have found Antonio, and have brought him to you at last: for it was with great difficulty I persuaded him to come with me. *[Servant points to the door where Louisa is—Antonio goes in reluctantly.]*

Isa. I think I'll just take a peep to see the meeting.—So, so, I think he has pretty well reconciled his friendship and honour to the interview.—He does not seem to feel any qualms of conscience now. I'll leave them to settle the rest, and pursue my own business.

[Exit.]

Enter Louisa, Antonio, and Carlos.

Ant. And are you sure the Jew does not suspect the plot contrived against him?

Lou. Not in the least.—He is too vain of his own person; and money is his aim; therefore he thinks every charm is centered in the Duenna.

Ant. How shall I thank you, my dear Louisa, for the confidence you repose in me?—Alas!—I feared my
 all

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all was lost; considering my want of fortune, and that your father's cruelty would oblige us to renounce our love.

Car. Permit me, my dear friend, to wish you joy on this happy meeting.—May every hour of your life prove as happy as the present!

Ant. I thank you, my dear Carlos.—And now, Louisa, that happiness is within our reach, why should we delay one moment?—I'll go and bring a priest, that shall put it out of the power of man to part us. [*going.*]

Lou. [*Stopping him.*] Stay, Antonio!—Though I have been so imprudent as to leave my father's house, and fly to you for protection, it was to avoid the hated marriage with the Jew:—But you'll shew your love by leaving the management of this to my direction.

Car. Come, come, Antonio, as my sister has hitherto confided in you, 'tis but just you should let her now command.

Ant. I must obey.—But why do we trifle with the hours, so precious to us both?—Your father must be reconciled, when we are made one.

Lou. No more, I beseech you.—I will go to my friend Clara's apartment, and write my letter. I hope you will not fail to meet me there.

Ant. I submit with pleasure, and shall be impatient for the moment.

A I R. T R I O.

Antonio, Carlos, and Louisa.

Soft pity never leaves the gentle breast,
Where Love has been receiv'd a welcome guest;
As wand'ring saints poor huts have sacred made,
He hallows ev'ry heart he once has sway'd;
And (when his presence we no longer share)
Still leaves compassion as a relict there.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Hall in Don Jerome's House.**Enter Don Jerome, and Servant.*

Jer. WELL, to be sure; these women are strange beings: they never know their own minds a minute.—Why now, it was but this morning, that she could never marry Isaac, because he was a Jew: and behold, this afternoon, she is eloped with him.—Are you sure it was them?—

Serv. O yes, sir, it was indeed. I saw them in a postchaise, driving from the garden gate. You know, sir, it was by your commands the gardener gave him the key to walk with my young lady on the parterre.

Jer. I rejoice to hear it;—the news makes my old heart glad; and my daughter will be happy.

Enter Servant with a Letter.

Serv. My master, Isaac, sends this letter with all due respect to your honour.

Jer. Here, give it me, you dog.—This is to inform me, I suppose, he is married, and to crave my leave to return.—I am transported!—*[reads]*

“Sir, Your approbation of what I have already done, would give me the greatest pleasure: I am anxious to receive your blessing; and will immediately return, if I have your permission. Louisa’s duty to her dearest father. By the time this reaches your hand, I shall be honoured with the title of your son-in-law.”

Isaac Mendoza.

—As I could wish!—Here, Lopez! Francis! Vasquez! put on your best liveries; throw open all the doors; call the cook; bid him prepare a supper with all the delicacies Spain affords:—bid all my neighbours welcome; and request them to partake my happiness: tell them I expect my son and daughter home—Get the keys of the cellar, and make all happy.

Enter

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Enter Servant, with a second Letter.

Serv. This from my young mistress.

Jer. Why, ay, this is from Louisa.—Since Isaac wrote to me, what need the little baggage trouble herself?—One would think they were not together when these were wrote.—Let me see—[reads]

“Dearest papa, ‘Tho’ I have been so imprudent as
“to leave your house, I hope you will pardon the indiscretion: It is with a man who is passionately fond
“of me, and whose merits equally claim my regard.
“Your consent, before the ceremony is performed,
“will make blessed your dutiful daughter, *Louisa.*”
——Go, get pen, ink and paper, in my room, that I may send my consent with all haste.—My heart is light, methinks I have renewed my age.

A I R.

Jer. O the days when I was young!

When I laugh’d in fortune’s spite,
Talk’d of love the whole day long,
And with nectar crown’d the night.
Then it was, old father Care,
Little reck’d I of thy frown;
Half thy malice youth could bear,
And the rest a bumper drown.

O the days, &c.

Truth they say lies in a well;

Why I vow I ne’er could see—

Let the water-drinkers tell,

—There it always lay for me:

For, when sparkling wine went round,

Never saw I falsehood’s mask:

But still honest truth I found

—In the bottom of each flask.

O the days, &c.

True, at length my vigor’s flown,

I have years to bring decay;

Few

Few the locks that now I own,
 And the few I have are grey :
 Yet, old Jerome, thou may'st boast,
 While the spirits do not tire,
 Still beneath thy age's frost
 Glows a spark of youthful fire.
 O the days, &c.

S C E N E II. *Street.*

Enter Ferdinand, walking about uneasy.

Ferd. To what a dreadful dilemma have I brought myself by my own fond officious folly!—to lose the only object upon earth I could be happy with!—Yet, why should I condemn myself?—it is too plain her affections are estranged; and Antonio is the happy man.

A I R.

Ferd. Ah! cruel maid, how hast thou chang'd
 The temper of my mind!
 My heart, by thee, from mirth estrang'd,
 Becomes like thee unkind!
 By fortune favour'd, clear in fame,
 I once ambitious was;
 And friends I had that fann'd the flame,
 And gave my youth applause—
 But now my weakness all abuse,
 Yet vain their taunts on me;
 Friends, fortune, fame itself I'd lose,
 To gain one smile from thee!
 Yet only thou should'st not despise
 My folly or my woe;
 If I am mad in others eyes,
 'Tis thou hast made me so.
 But days like these with doubting curst
 I will not long endure:
 Am I despis'd—I know the worst,
 And also know my cure.

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If false, her vows she dare renounce,
She instant ends my pain :
For, oh ! that heart must break at once
——Which cannot hate again !

Enter Isaac hastily.

Ferd. Whither in such haste, Isaac ?——What's the matter ?

Isa. O, Ferdinand, is that you ?——What think you of the gentle Clara, Don Guzman's daughter ?——She is run away from her father, for the sake of her lover ; and she says he knows nothing of the matter.

Ferd. Dear girl ! no more I did.—Where is she ?

Isa. Be but patient, and I'll tell you all.—She sent for him——

Ferd. Well, carry me to her this moment ! (*Dragging Isaac*) carry me to her !

Well, well, mercy on us, how violent you are !——Why I did carry the person she sent for : It was Don Antonio.

Ferd. Antonio, that she sent for !

Isa. Yes it was.—But he was devilish loth to go, till I persuaded him.—He talked much about friendship and honour :——but I said, damn your honour.

Ferd. The devil, you did.—Oh ! wretch that I am ! misery and distraction come upon me !

Isa. Why, sure you was not the fool that was in love with her.—Ha ! ha ! ha !

Ferd. You unfeeling Israelite !——you dog ! don't you pity me ? [*Collaring him.*]

Isa. O, yes, fir, I do pity you most heartily—Dear brother-in-law !——

Ferd. You do pity me, you villain ! [*Going to beat him.*]

Isa. O, no fir, upon my soul, I do not pity you : my dear brother-in-law !

Ferd. There, then :—take that, villain ! and that—and that——[*Following him round the stage, beating him.*]

Isa. Oh ! my dear brother-in-law—that is to be—Oh ! spare me, my dear brother !

Ferd. Then, firrah, begone ! and remember, 'tis only

only your insignificance that protects you.

Isa. Then, egad, my insignificance is the best friend I ever had in all my life.—Oh! what a cursed bully-headed, bloody-minded swaggering dog it is!

[*Exit, stealing off.*]

A I R.

Ferd. Sharp is the woe that wounds the jealous mind,
When treach'ry two fond hearts would rend!
But oh! how keener far the pang, to find
That traitor in our bosom-friend!

S C E N E III. *Wood.*

Enter Clara, Louisa, and Antonio.

A I R.

Clara. By him we love offended,
How soon our anger flies!
One day apart, tis ended,
Behold him, and it dies!
Last night your roving brother
Enrag'd I bade depart,
And sure his rude presumption
Deserv'd to lose my heart:
Yet, were he now before me,
In spite of injur'd pride,
I fear my eyes would pardon—
Before my tongue could chide.
By him we love, &c.
With truth the bold deceiver
To me thus oft has said—
‘ In vain would Clara slight me,
‘ In vain she would upbraid!
‘ No scorn those lips discover—
‘ Where dimples laugh the while;
‘ No frowns appear resentful,
‘ Where heav’n has stamp’d a smile!’
By him we love, &c.

Clara.

Cla. My dear Louisa, you will soon be happy——
For my part, I am doom'd to pass the long solitary
hours in this dreary mansion—Heigho! [*Sighing.*]

Lou. Indeed, my dear, you are mistaken: for, if my
father does not give his consent, how are we to live?

Ant. Do not grieve, my dearest love!——

A I R.

Ant. How oft, Louisa, hast thou said
(Nor wilt thou the fond boast disown)
Thou wouldst not lose Antonio's love
To reign the partner of a throne!
And by those lips that spoke so kind!
And by this hand I press'd to mine!
To gain a subject nation's love,
I swear I would not part with thine.
Then how, my soul, can we be poor,
Who own what kingdoms could not buy!
Of this true heart thou shalt be queen,
And serving thee—a monarch I.
Thus uncontroul'd in mutual bliss
And rich in love's exhaustless mine——
Do thou snatch treasures from my lips,
And I'll take kingdoms back from thine!

Enter a Nun veiled, with a letter.

Lou. Now, indeed, we are nearer happiness—Here's
a wonderful change;—my father's free consent.

Ant. Is it possible!—This is joy beyond expression!
—Let us no longer delay our bliss!—I will fly and
bring the priest.

Lou. Stay, Antonio.

Ant. My life.——

Lou. Had not you better take me with you?—per-
haps you will not find me here on your return.

Ant. Thus let me thank thee for thy fond advice.

[*Kisses her.*]

[*Exeunt Antonio and Louisa.*]

Cla. There they go as happy as heart can wish:—

E

May

May every blessing attend them !

Enter Ferdinand, looking after Antonio and Louisa.

Cla. So ! this should be Ferdinand.---How got he in, I wonder ?---By the help of a bribe no doubt.

Ferd. [*Looking after them.*] There is Antonio with her ; and, for aught I know, going to be married. I shall run distracted ! *Going.*

Cla. Sir ! sir ! [*Stopping him.*]

Ferd. Psha ! let me alone-----

Cla. What do you want, sir ?---you appear unhappy.

Ferd. Not you, child, not you. But, pray, good nun, is not that Antonio ?

Cla. Assuredly it is.

Ferd. And, is not that Clara with him ?

Cla. Clara is not yet gone out of the garden.

Ferd. One question more ; and I'll trouble you no further. Are they going to be married ?

Cla. They are, sir.

Ferd. Oh ! unfortunate that I am !---But I will follow them,---upbraid them with their falsehood,---and---have done for ever. [*Exit Ferdinand.*]

Cla. Well, I'll follow. Louisa may not be the only bride to-day.

A I R.

Cla. Adieu, thou dreary pile, where never dies
The sullen echo of repentant sighs !
Ye sister mourners of each lonely cell,
Inur'd by hymns and sorrows, fare you well !
For happier scenes, I fly this darksome grove,
---To saints a prison, but a tomb to love !

S C E N E IV. *Monastery.*

Enter Father Paul, Father Francis, and other Priars, drinking.

G L E E AND CHORUS.

This bottle's the Sun of our table,
His beams are rosy wine,

We

We——planets who are not able,
Without his help, to shine.

Let mirth and glee abound,
You'll soon grow bright,
With borrow'd light,
And shine as he goes round !

F. Paul. Come, fill. Here's to the blue-ey'd nun
of St. Catharine's [drinks.]

All. Agreed---The blue-ey'd nun of St. Catharine's.
[drinks.]

F. Paul. Here's to the mother-abbess, [drinks.]

All. To our mother-abbess. [drinks.]

F. Paul. Have there been any legacies or donations
since our last meeting ?

F. Fran. Fifty pounds from an usurer, on his death-
bed, to pray his soul through purgatory.

F. Paul. Well, that will pay for our candles, bro-
ther Francis.—Any thing more ?

F. Fran. A thousand dollars, from a lady, to be
applied to charitable uses.

F. Paul. The best of uses—to discharge our
wine-bill.

F. Fran. A large silver lamp, by Don Emanuel de
Castro, to be kept continually burning in the tomb of
St. Anthony.

F. Paul. Which we will melt down, to bring in
more luscious provision than any we have yet men-
tioned ; for St. Anthony is not afraid to be left in the
dark—tho' he was——

F. Fran. Forty pistoles I have received for confessions.

F. Paul. Very good—that will help to pay our
butcher's bill.

[A loud knocking at the door ; they all
retire, but Paul and Francis.]

Enter a Porter, meagre and pale.

F. Paul. (With a glass in his hand) What dost thou
want ?

Por. I thought you had done your morning rites.

F. Paul. Done!---No!---Have we, brother Francis?

F. Fran. No, not by a bottle, man.

F. Paul. I suppose thy sinful disposition has brought thee to see what was to be had to gratify thy worldly, voracious appetite. Thy pamper'd looks are a scandal to our order. If you are hungry, are there not the roots of the earth? [*Eats cake*] And, If you are dry, is there not the clear stream? [*Drinks wine.*]

Por. Some company would speak with your holiness, if your morning devotions are ended.

[*Father Paul drinks, and gives the glass to the Porter, who puts it to his mouth.*]

F. Paul. So, you sinful wretch, if there had been anything in it, you would have drank it—Admit them.

S C E N E. V.

Enter Antonio and Isaac,

Ant. We, are come father, to solicit your aid, to join us in nuptial bands, and hope not too late.

F. Paul. Yes, sir, but you are, by half an hour;--- you must be patient, and wait another day.

Ant. But, good father, love is impatient, and we cannot wait; pray dispatch us. [*Giving gold.*] And let this plead for me.

F. Paul. Nay, now you offend me grossly. I must not take gold; it hurts my conscience; but, here's a place in my habit, you may lodge it in: upon your own head be the sin. And, on this side is another.

Isa. O, I understand you. There, father. I shall need your help presently; but dispatch your present office.

F. Paul. The sins of this town almost distract me--- they make me linger in flesh, to see them daily committed before my eyes.

Ant. One would imagine, indeed, they were under your nose; for it blushes more than the rest of your face.

Isa. Here comes Ferdinand: I'll not stay, for he's a desperate fellow—Antonio, you had better go.

Ant.

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Ant. Why should I fear him? — Blessed with my love, I'll stand my ground.

Isa. The devil take me if I do; — he almost broke my bones just now; so I'll take my leave. — Father, you shall see me again. *Exit.*

Enter Ferdinand.

Ferd. Antonio, is this your friendship? How can you answer for such treatment? Thy life shall pay for it: Draw, sir!

Lou. Why, brother, you appear angry; [*discovering herself.*] What's the matter?

Enter Clara behind him, veiled.

F. Paul. Certainly the man has not a mind to marry his own sister!

Ferd. Louisa! — Is it you that I have mistaken for Clara all this while? — Where is she fled?

Clara. What is it you want, sir? — Not you, child, not you — [*mocking him.*]

Ferd. Antonio, I blush for my folly — Louisa, what shall I say? — Clara, my angel, can you forgive me? Love is blind

D U E T T O.

Oft does Hymen smile to hear,
Worldly vows of feign'd regard;
Well he knows when they're sincere,
Never slow to give reward.
For his glory is to prove
Kind to those who wed for love.

S C E N E VI. *Parlour.*

Enter Don Jerome.

Jer. Methinks, they are very slow: — I wish they were come. — Oh, here's Isaac.

Enter Isaac.

Isa. I am returned with joy, to crave your blessing.

Jer. But, where's my daughter! — my dear girl!
Why

—Why did not she accompany you?—Every moment is an age, 'till I see her.

Isa. She is waiting for your permission to throw herself at your feet.

Jer. Run!—bring her to me!—She'll gladden my old heart. [*Exit Isaac.*]—I am all joy.

Enter Isaac and Duenna.

Jer. O Lord!—Is that my daughter?—Why the man is surely mad!

Isa. Why do you look at her so, sir?—Go, my dear, and throw your snowy arms round your papa. He will forgive you. Don't be uneasy—go to him—

Duen. My dear papa! [*Running to him and embracing him*] You will not sure be so cruel as to disown me!

Jer. Papa! dear papa!—What the devil do you mean, you have not married Ursula, the old Duenna, have you, instead of my beautiful daughter?

Duen. O, you are a cruel parent!

Jer. O, Lord! Lord! will nobody relieve me from this old hag.

Isa. Did I not tell you, she was as ugly as the devil; and you would not believe me?—And so then I am taken in with this old Jezebel.

Duen. I'll let you know whether I am not a match too good for you.

Enter Antonio and Louisa.

Ant. I am come, sir, with my dear Louisa, to ask forgiveness, and to claim your blessing.

Jer. You shall have neither, sir! you have cheated me of my daughter;—and do you think I can so easily forgive it?

Ant. There, sir, is your own consent, in your own hand-writing, signed by your own name.

Jer. Sir, it was through a stratagem you obtained that consent:—and you shall not possess a rial of her fortune.

Lou. Believe me, sir, I never meant to deceive you,
or

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or marry without your consent :—I would not receive Antonio for a husband, until I obtained it by your letter.

Jer. No matter, madam—You shall not have a maravedie of your fortune.

Ant. I care not, sir :—in herself I have a treasure.--- Give me but your blessing, make me happy, and I am content.

Jer. A generous fellow this, [*aside.*] Do you think, sir; you are the only man in Spain, that can do a generous act? There, sir: since my daughter is your's, her fortune shall be also :—there's my blessing too : ---And, since you are so generous to despise her fortune, no man in Spain deserves it better. [*They both kneel.*]

Louisa. Accept our grateful thanks !—

Enter Ferdinand and Clara.

Jer. Hey day! What have we here!---Have you been robbing a nunnery!

Ferd. This is Donna Clara, sir, Don Guzman's daughter, and my wife with a good fortune.

Jer. Come here, you little slut, and kiss me. You young dog, you have made a good choice. Bless you my children! And may you ever be as happy as at present.

Isa. And must I stand to my bargain with this old witch.

Duen. Upon my word! you have no need to complain; who are you? [*Following him round the stage.*] I will let you know, sir, I have a brother an Alguazile, that wears a sword,---you ill-looking diminutive wretch!

Isa. The devil's dam is broke loose, and her whole fury is levelled at me.

Lou. Well, little Isaac, you were always keen---- devilish keen—

Ferd. Your mother always called you wise little Solomon.

Jer. No-body could ever put a trick upon you :— Hey! Isaac!—

Ferd. Cunning little Isaac!

Isa. Is there no way to avoid these everlasting tongues?

40 THE DUENNA: Or,

tongues. This doer will befriend me:---I'll fly to Jerusalem, to get rid of that bit of dimity. [*Exit. Isaac.*]

Duenna. Fly where you will---I'll follow you.

[*Exit. Duenna.*]

FINALE AND CHORUS.]

Come now for jest and smiling,

Both old and young beguiling,

Let us laugh and play, so blithe and gay,

Till we banish care away;

Thus crown'd with dance and song,

The hours shall glide along,

With a heart at ease---merry, merry glees

Can never fail to please.

Each bride with blushes glowing,

Our wine as rosy flowing,

Let us laugh and play, &c,

Then a health to ev'ry friend,

The night's repast shall end,

With a heart at ease, &c.

Nor while we are so joyous,

Shall anxious care annoy us,

Let us laugh and play, &c,

For gen'rous guests like these,

Accept the wish to please.

So we'll laugh and play, all blithe and gay,

Your smiles drive care away.

A grand Masquerade Scene, with Dances, &c. &c.

F I N I S.

